

THE EPISTLE.

much as will make you thinke your tasterne well bestowed but for so much worth, as euen poore I know to be stuf in it. It deserues such a labour, as well as the best Comedy in Terence or Plautus. And beleene this, that when hee is gone, and his Commedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English Inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the perrell of your pleasures losse, and Iudgements, refuse not, nor like this the lesse, for not being sullied, with the smoake breath of the multitude; but thinke fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you. Since by the grante of possessors wills I beleene you should haue prayd for them rather then beene prayd. And so I leaue all such to bee prayd for (for the states of their wits healths)

that will not praise it

Vale.

The history of Troylus and Cresseida.

Enter Pandarus and Troylus.

Troy. **C** All heere my varlet, Ile vname againe,
Why should I warre without the walls of Troys
That finde such cruell battell here within,
Each Troyan that is maister of his heart,
Let him to field *Troylus* alas hath none.

Pan. Will this geere nere be mended?

Troy. The Greeks are strong and skillfull to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fiercenesse valiant,
But I am weaker then a womans teares;
Tamer then sleepe; fonder then ignorance,
Lesse valiant then the Virgin in the night,
And skillesse as vnpractiz'd infancy:

Pan. Well, I haue told you enough of this; for my part ile
not meddle nor make no farther; hee that will haue a cake
out of the wheate must tarry the grynding.

Tro. Haue I not tarried?

Pan. I the grinding; but you must tarry the boulting.

Troy. Haue I not tarried?

Pande. I the boulting; but you must tarry the leauening.

Troy. Still haue I tarried.

Pan. I, to the leauening, but heares yet in the word here-
after, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating the
oven, and the baking, nay you must stay the cooling too, or
yea may chance burne your lippes.

Troy. Pacience her selfe, what Godeffe ere she be,
Doth lesse blench at suffrance then I do:

At Priams royall table do I sit

And when faire *Cressida* comes into my thoughts,
So traitor then she comes when she is thence.

Pand. Well sice lookt yesternight fairer then euer I saw her
looke, or any woman els.

Troy. I was about to tell thee when my heart,